



BOY AND FIREMAN HERO NEAR DEATH IN A XMAS BLAZE

Little David Moore Finds Tree Burning and Gives Alarm--He and Rescuer Dragged Unconscious from Flame-Swept Hallway.

David Moore, six years old, awakened about dawn to-day in his home on the fifth floor of the apartment-house at No. 324 East Twenty-eighth street, and decided Santa Claus was awful slow in making his rounds.

In the room with the youngster were his little sisters, Agnes, Frances and Annie. In the next room was his big brother August, and in another his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Moore.

David was most careful not to awaken other members of the household. He crawled through the rooms between him and the parlor, where the Christmas tree was laden with presents, on his hands and knees, and burst in, thinking he would catch Santa Claus busy at his work.

Then it was that David discovered the tree blazing. The flames had devoured all the presents, and were shooting through the open window.

The frightened boy lost no time in awakening his father and mother. His little sisters and the big brother, Mr. Moore, started for the street, carrying the younger children in his arms and calling for the others to follow. He reached the street with his wife and four of his brood, only to discover that little David was missing.

Went Back for Present.

The boy had got to the street only to recall that a present he had bought had been left behind. He scampered up the long flight of stairs and entered the burning apartment.

"Where is David?" the father asked. "No one knew," August, the brother, tried to get up the steps, but the heat and smoke drove him back. He came out staggering from weakness.

Some one had turned in an alarm of fire. Hook and Ladder Company No. 7 reached the burning building and a great ladder was raised. Up this ladder a fireman dug down. The fireman got into the Moore's apartment. The smoke was choking and the fire was all about him. Almost under the Christmas tree the fireman found the unconscious David.

The fireman missed their comrade, but they could no more get into the apartment than Dugan could get out of it.

Found Both Unconscious.

It took almost suicidal when several firemen started up the stairway. In some way they managed to reach the Moore apartment and there they found Dugan unconscious, with the unconscious boy in his arms. The fireman and boy were carried to the street.

JOHN THE EVENING WORLD
WALKING CLUB CONDUCTED
BY EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.
See Page 7 for details of the great pedestrian's scheme to interest New Yorkers in healthful outdoor exercise.

"BIG TIM" FEEDS 6,000 ON BOWERY AT XMAS FEAST

The Annual Sullivan Dinner Brings Cheer to Host Who Knows Not Home.

SHOES AS SOUVENIRS.

Each Guest Given Order for New Footwear, Besides Pipe and "Baccy."

More than six thousand homeless men and boys were the Christmas guests of "Big Tim" Sullivan, at No. 107 Bowery to-day. It was about the biggest and most successful Christmas party of "Big Tim's" career and the dry, pleasant weather went a long way in adding to the festive spirit of it.

The one thing lacking was the continuous presence of "Big Tim." To the frequent demands for a look at his smiling face, "Little Tim" Sullivan gave assurance that he would be around later in the day. It is the custom of the boss of the Bowery to make but one appearance at his annual Christmas dinner when he is in town, and to make that appearance brief.

"If he tried to stay here through it they'd tear the clothes from his back," explained Johnny White, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. There were four thousand men in line when the doors were thrown open at 11 o'clock. It was a pathetic, ragged line, but cheerful. Hundreds of the men in it had not eaten a satisfying meal for weeks, and do not know when they will eat another after they get the food furnished by "Big Tim." But there was a whole lot of consolation for them in the fact that somebody had thought about them and was trying to make Christmas seem like something else than a mockery.

Sombre Human Documents. Human documents in sombre tints were these guests of "Big Tim" Sullivan. Most of the faces in the line were weak faces--indexes of characters easily awayed. A great moving history of wrecked lives, misdirected energy, hard luck, slavery to inherited tastes, mental and physical handicaps and downright meanness lay buried in the minds of the men who partook of "Big Tim's" bounty.

Before the doors were thrown open to the rush "Big Tim" Sullivan passed along the line and picked out the cripples. The lame, the blind, the epileptic and those upon whom consumption had set its indelible mark were given preference. They had favored places at the long tables in the hall and the waiters were instructed to pay particular attention to their comfort.

The men were served in relays of 600. They were not allowed to sit down, but there was no disorder and no man was compelled to leave until he had eaten and drunk his fill. Few of the unfortunate betrayed any sign of indulgence in liquor. They were earnest and hungry, and secure in the knowledge that they were getting for all comers, surprisingly considerate.

Joshed Tuxedo Waiters. Each man was given a slice of turkey, several slices of chicken, a big plate of potato salad, half a pie and all the beer or coffee or both he wanted to drink. Unlimited quantities of bread were served. The waiters, supplied by a Broadway hotel, wore tuxedo coats and came in for a lot of good-natured joshing from the crowd.

"Dis reminds me," said one Boweryite, "of de days when I used to feel me face regular at 'De's', and I never cleaned up me chuck dat I didn't give de waiter a gold watch."

Prof. Jimmy Carroll and his orchestra furnished the music. The flow of melody was broken occasionally by the announcement of the professor that his orchestra was positively the only orchestra in New York that would not play the "Merry Widow" waltz.

When the men had eaten all they could hold and were passed out of the hall gasping, each was handed a package containing smoking and chewing tobacco and a 5-cent pipe and a ticket calling for a pair of shoes. The shoes are to be distributed on Feb. 8.

Shoes for All on Mystic Date.

Why "Big Tim" settled upon the date Feb. 8 for his annual distribution of shoes he has never explained. His friends say that in his boyhood days that prompted him to a certain Feb. 8 that prompted him to a certain Feb. 8, a pair of shoes in his mind. At any rate, every man presenting one of the tickets issued to-day at the Sullivan club rooms on Feb. 8, 1908, will be given a new pair of serviceable shoes.

"Big Tim" Sullivan's Bowery Guests at Dinner and Waiting in Long Line

(Photographed for The Evening World by a Staff Artist.)



DINNER OF THE SULLIVAN CLAN.

XMAS HANDICAP DRAWS 10,000 TO CITY PARK

Biggest Stake Field Yet in South Faced Starter Cassidy.

(Special to The Evening World.) CITY PARK RACE TRACK, NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 25.--The Christmas Handicap, which carried an added value of \$150, proved an excellent magnet of attraction here this afternoon, fully 10,000 persons being in attendance. In the feature event the largest number of starters yet to accept the issue in a stake event faced Starter Cassidy, and inasmuch as the work of Handicapper MacGinn stood out in bold relief, a sparkling contest was the result.

From a speculating standpoint the event eclipsed even the memorable plunking of the Derby of 1907. The weather was clear and track good.

FIRST RACE--Purse \$100; for two-year-olds, five and a half furlongs--Soverus, 106 (Notter), 2 to 1 and even, won by half a length; Tea Leaf, 104 (Brusell), 15 to 1; 1 and 7 to 2; second, Inauguration, 100 (G. Swain), 1 to 1, 5 to 1 and 5 to 2; third, Time, 108 3-5. Stable, Boston Friend, Lexington Lady, Orlandot, The Thorn, Thurston, Thomas Calmoun and Lute Foster also ran.

SECOND RACE--Purse \$50; three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs--Cock, 104 (Notter), 4 to 1, 3 to 2 and 3 to 1; won by a head; Belle Strome, 101 (G. Conlin), 20 to 1, 7 to 1 and 3 to 1; second, Meadowsweet, 108 (C. Koerner), 6 to 1, 5 to 2 and 6 to 5; third, Time, 113 3-5. Pay, Handicapper, Orley 21, Artful Dodger, Albert, Bertie E. and Fantasio also ran.

THIRD RACE--Purse \$40; handicap; two-year-olds; six furlongs--Hay Thompson, 116 (Warren), 4 to 1, 3 to 2 and 3 to 1; won by two lengths; Lew of Dawn, 101 (Notter), 19 to 1, 4 to 1 and 3 to 1; second, Miss Delaney, 95 (C. Koerner), 5 to 2, 4 to 5 and 2 to 5; third, Time, 115 2-5. Lavatrina, Brommer, Woodbine, Tartar Maid also ran.

TURKEYS FROM ROOSEVELT.

(Special to The Evening World.) OYSTER BAY, L. I., Dec. 25.--Joah Seaman, superintendent of President Roosevelt's place at Sagamore Hill, and all of the employees on the estate were the recipients of Christmas turkeys from Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Johnny White, Dave Walter, "Fat Jim" Wilson, of the Street Cleaning Department, and "Jimmy" Smith.

Ralph de la Taub represented the host of the occasion in welcoming the outside guests. These latter came to the Bowery in automobiles from Broadway and the big hotels up town. Among them were Rhineclander Waldo, formerly Deputy Commissioner of Police. The automobile contingent played a Santa Claus part by passing out cash to many of the diners who looked as though they had particular need of it.



WHISPERING LARRY DELMOUR IS DYING FROM GRIP ATTACK

Friend of Croker and Member of the Tammany Old Guard Delirious, and His Physicians Have Abandoned Hope.

"Larry" Delmour is dying at his home, No. 116 East Eighty-ninth street. He contracted the grip a week ago, and his system, weakened by recurrent illness in the past seven years, was unable to shake off the attack. To-day he is delirious, and lives over the old days when he was a power in Tammany Hall, and the closest friend and confidant of Richard Croker. His physicians have given up hope.

Dr. Ramsdell treated him until yesterday, when his condition became so serious that Dr. Janeway was called in for consultation. A physician, two nurses and Mrs. Delmour, who was a trained nurse previous to her marriage two years ago, are in constant attendance upon the old man.

One of the Old Guard.

If Lawrence Delmour dies another of the few remaining members of the Tammany Old Guard will have passed away. In the days of his power he was a type of the Tammany leader who held no office, but accumulated a fortune through his connection with politics. Delmour is worth at least \$200,000, snugly invested in Harlem, Bronx and City Island real estate.

He was born in Ireland, sixty-nine

KILLED AT DOOR OF HIS HOME BY MYSTERIOUS FOE

What Appears to Have Been a Long-Standing Vendetta Ends To-Day in the Assassination of Mariano Gaeto.

SLAYER FLEES OVER ROOF AFTER ATTACKING JANITOR.

Widow of the Slain Man Detained as Witness Because Detectives Believe She Fears to Tell of Black Hand Threats.

A long-standing vendetta culminated to-day in the assassination of Mariano Gaeto, a barber, who lived with his wife on the second floor of No. 330 East Twenty-eighth street.

Gaeto was called from his bed by a knock on the door. He threw it open and was shot down without warning, his slayer fleeing to the roof, where he vanished. The wife of the murdered man believes the killing the result of a feud, though who her husband's enemies were she is unable to state.

SALVATION ARMY GIVES DINNERS TO 20,000 PERSONS

4,000 Baskets, Each with Cheer for Five, Handed Out in Old Armory.

When a thinly clad, bareheaded woman, whose face bore the stamp of dire poverty, walked down between two rows of white-coated attendants and was handed by Commander Eva Booth a basket loaded with ingredients for a Christmas dinner for herself, her husband and three children, this morning, the annual distribution of Christmas basket dinners by the Salvation Army to the needy poor had begun in the old Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory.

A smile of joy spread over the sad face of the woman as she looked up into the face of the Commander and as she gave a "God bless you." Happily she seemed to radiate from the old woman as she went down the stairs and into the street with her precious burden.

Commander Booth's appearance was greeted with a great shout by the five thousand men, women and children, white and black, of every creed and nation, who partook of the Christmas cheer being dispensed. Four thousand were armed with tickets issued in advance by the various posts. The remainder had come in the hope that some of the four thousand would not show up and there might be something left over.

In each basket were a five-pound chicken, a loaf of bread, potatoes and turnips enough for five; apples and oranges, a can of soup and half a pound each of tea and coffee. All that five persons could eat was in each basket.

Money Short But Food Plenty.

These four thousand dinners at present food prices cost the army close to \$10,000. The four thousand tickets were relatively a small fraction of the number of applicants for dinner, a great many of whom had to be turned down for the Santa Claus, with their gypsy pots and other sources of income, ran \$5.00 behind the figure of a year ago. Yet, by sparing here and there, the army was able to give out as many dinners as last year.

Gaeto worked late last night in his barber shop. He was thoroughly tired when he got home, and he and his wife slept late into the day. They were roused by a knock on the kitchen door.

Fired Two Shots.

Gaeto opened the door, and as he did the man who knocked fired two shots. The first shot went wild. The second bullet entered Gaeto's head above the eye, killing him instantly.

After the shooting the assassin started down stairs to the street. He heard some one in the hall below, for he suddenly turned and ran upstairs. John Frank, the jailor of the house, had heard the shots, and as he stood on the third floor he saw the assassin, still carrying the revolver, running up to him.

Frank grappled with the man, but was beaten off. The slayer continued up the stairs.

Arming himself with an iron bar, the janitor pursued. When he reached the roof of the house the murderer had disappeared.

Patrolman O'Hare, who heard the shots, called an ambulance, and then searched the roof for the missing man. The assassin had run to the house at No. 324 East Twenty-eighth street, and down through the trap-door on the roof. This house had recently been burned, and only one family lived in it.

Found the Revolver.

On the second floor of No. 324 O'Hare found a .32-calibre revolver with two chambers empty. The one family living in the house said that they did not hear any one going through.

When O'Hare returned to the Gaeto home he found another revolver, fully loaded, lying on the table in the bedroom. From this it was surmised that the father expected an attack and had prepared himself for it.

Frank the janitor, said the man was an Italian, about thirty-five years old, and wore a cap and long overcoat. Father McCabe in the Carmelite Church, on East Twenty-eighth street, heard of the shooting and hurried to the house to render assistance to the man, but found that Gaeto was dead. Bonanno Michele, thirteen years old, of No. 27 First street, said that he had seen the slayer running out of the house. He was detained by the police. Mrs. Gaeto was also detained. The detectives believe she knows of some "Black Hand" threat and is afraid to speak.

KILLED IN A QUARREL.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 25.--Jesse Updegraff and Sam Williams, farmers living near Hickory Hill, fourteen miles from Jefferson City, became involved in a quarrel last night and Updegraff killed Williams with a shovel. Updegraff is under arrest.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders.